Iag. Filth thou lieſt.

Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe! what ſhould ſuch a foole
Doe with ſo good a woman?

The Moore runnes at Iago. Iago *kils his wife.*

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heauen,
But what ſerues for the thunder? pretious villaine.

Gra. The woman falls, ſure he has kild his wife.

Em. I, I, O lay me by my miſtreſſe ſide. *Exit* Iago.

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.

Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore:
Come, guard the dore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather, I'le after that ſame villaine,
For tis a damned ſlaue. *Exit* Mont. *and* Gratiano.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipſter gets my ſword,
But why ſhould honour out liue honeſty?
Let it goe all.

Em. Moore, ſhe was chaſt, ſhe lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my ſoule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true;
So ſpeaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *ſhe dies.*

Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of Spaine, the Iſebrookes temper;
O here it is; Vncle I muſt come forth. Gra. *within.*

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere,
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and ſpeake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a Souldiers thigh: I haue ſeene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good ſword,
I haue made my way through more impediments,
Then twenty times you ſtop: but O vaine boaſt,
Who can controule his Fate? tis not ſo now,

Pale

Pale as thy ſmocke, when we ſhall me
This looke of thine, will hurle my ſoul
And fiends will ſnatch at it: cold, cold
Euen like thy chaſtity; O curſed ſlaue
Whippe me you Diuells,
From the poſſeſſion of this heauenly ſ
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in
Waſh me in ſteepe downe gulphes of
O *Deſdemona, Deſdemoua* dead, O, o,

Enter Lodouico, Montano, I
Caſſio *in a Chair*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt i

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*, h

Lod. Where is this Viper, bring th

Oth. I looke downe towards his f
If thou beeſt a diuell, I cannot kill the

Led. Wring his ſword from him.

Iag. I bleed ſir, but not kil'd.

Oth. I am not ſorry neither, I'de h
For in my ſenſe tis happineſſe to die.

Led. O thou *Othello*, that wert on
Falne in the practiſe of a damned ſlaue
What ſhould be ſaid to thee?

Oth. Why any thing,
An honourable murderer if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in hon

Lod. This wretch hath part confe
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio's* dea

Oth. I.

Caſ. Deare Generall, I did neuer g

Oth. I doe beleeue it, and I aske y
Will you pray, demand that demy diu
Why he hath thus inſnar'd my ſoule a

Iag. Demand me nothing, what y
From this time forth I neuer will ſpea

Lod. What not to pray?

Grat. Torments will op'e your lip

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)